

The Baby, the Lilies and the Bunny

An Easter Morning Fantasia in Photographs

SNOW BABY SINGS GLORIES OF SOUTHERN SPRING

BUT THE HEART OF MARIE A. PEARY REMAINS LOYAL TO HER ARCTIC BIRTH-PLACE

SPIRIT of Spring.
Soft, luring and sweet,
In thy sunbeam chariot,
Golden and fleet,
Thou comest to bring
Violets purple to toss at my feet!
This land of enchantment is all thine own.
I love thee and bow before thy throne.
O spirit of the North,
Reposing on light

one another for the privilege of drawing her on their sledges. For fifteen months they were ice bound before Commander Peary came down from the north and found them.

Marie Peary can speak the Eskimo language better than her father can, almost as well as her little Eskimo playmates could. The land where there is no day or night, in our use of the words, calls to her always, and the strange people who live out of our world in a remote one all their own are her people. She loves the big wolflike, thick haired dogs that are so gentle with her and so powerful against the beasts. The Pearys have a number of these dogs, which Mr. Peary brought with him from the North and which have made themselves at home in the island off the coast of Maine where the Pearys have their summer home.

FORTY YEARS' STUDY of BABIES THROUGH A CAMERA

A CHAT WITH GEORGE ROCKWOOD, DEAN OF AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHERS

If all the pictures of all the babies taken by the camera of Mr. George Rockwood, of New York city, were strung in a row they would make play-houses for all the youngsters in the country. In forty years a camera shutter can snap a good many children, and both Mr. Rockwood and his camera have led an active life in their work of handing down to posterity the negative evidence of the whims, caprices, the frocks and the changes in the typical New York infant.

Mr. Rockwood has earned the title of the dean of American photographers of children because he seems to have made a specialty of picturing them, though he asserts that no mere man can make a specialty of children in this way. "On the contrary, children will make a specialty of you," explained Mr. Rockwood, as he called a halt in the routine of his busy workday to chat a while. "That is

sweet will and time about 'looking please' and 'taking this pose, please.'"

THOUGH Mr. Rockwood has reached his seventy-sixth birthday and has spent nearly half of his life photographing babies he has not grown weary of the work nor lost interest in the garden of babies that blooms fresh each year. Photographic methods have changed



MISS MARIE A. PEARY
(HARRIS & SWINCH PHOTO)

Of auroral flushes,
So cold and white,
Thou callest forth
The great white silence of Arctic night!
On pinnacled icebergs thy foot doth rest—
Thou didst rock my cradle; I love thee best.

MARIE AHNIGHITO PEARY, 1911.
—From the Georgetown Convent Annual.

WHEN the trees grow tender under the warm-breath of Southern spring and the earth puts on a dainty carpet of green pined with myriad hues of flowers, the girls of the old convent in Georgetown, just outside of Washington, yield to the soft languors of the season and saunter through the walks of the old garden with their trim borders. The whole place is redolent with memories of other springs, and those who walk there are constantly reminded of the girls of past generations who have lingered there in former springtimes.

Among these girls is one who, participating ardently in all of the school pastimes and enjoying her young life to the full, still turns with longing to the far Northland, where she was born. The verses which Marie Ahnighito Peary wrote and which were published recently in the convent's annual book voice her sentiments. She loves the Southern "land of enchantment," "bows before its throne," but best she loves the "great white silence of Arctic night," whose "foot doth rest on pinnacled icebergs."

MARIE PEARY not only was born under unique conditions, but the fourteen years of her life have been full of the sort of adventure that suits her spirit and disposition. Cloistered walls cannot cramp her unopinioned fancy and her intense love of freedom. She submits to the rigorous rules of the staid convent, but in fancy she wanders free and far.

In the midsummer of 1893 Robert E. Peary, accompanied by his wife, made a voyage to the far North, and there in the still white region of the frozen North, remote from the familiar haunts of her race, the Peary child was born in September and informally christened the "Snow Baby." Of her true name, Marie Ahnighito, the second part was conferred upon her in honor of the Eskimo woman who was her faithful attendant during the first year of her life.

Three times since her return to civilization she has revisited the Arctic land. Once she went North with her mother to meet her father when it was supposed that he was about to come home. He was still pushing on with his exploring expedition, however, and while his family waited the first breath of winter blew down upon them and the ice closing about their ship held it a prisoner in its grasp.

There was nothing to do but to await the summer thaw. The four-year-old child played about the ship and on the ice outside, entirely happy in her surroundings. The grown up Eskimos petted her and the little Eskimo boys vied with

MISS PEARY AS A BABY

NEXT to voyaging northward the "Snow Baby" is most fond of this spot, where she is free to romp and play and follow the suggestions of her free, adventurous spirit unhampered by conventions. The Pearys have the island to themselves, and the far reaching sea and sky seem to be exclusively theirs, too. Although now in her fifteenth year, and well grown and mature looking at that, the girl has all the abandon of young girlhood. She is not above romping with her young brother, Robert E. Peary, Jr., and is ready for any sort of adventure that land or water suggests.

Last summer when girls all over the country were submitting photographs in the Fluffy Ruffles contest youthful Miss Peary doffed the skirt she ordinarily wears and donned a silk gown of her mother's. In this she had her photograph taken and sent to the HERALD, her parents being unaware of her ambition. When she won the Maine State prize of \$100, however, the secret was out, and the "Snow Baby" was a proud young lady, more pleased than when she at the age of four broke a tiny bottle of champagne over the largest meteorite in the world, which her father brought to New York from the Arctic land, christening it the "Ahnighito meteorite."

This is Miss Peary's first year in the convent boarding school. The verses which she wrote were handed in as a regular exercise in her work in English. The sister in charge thought them so good that she obtained permission from the Mother Superior to have them published in the illustrated book which the convent publishes annually and which includes only contributions from members of the senior class and from alumnae of the convent. They are the only verses in the book by an under class girl, but their delicacy and individuality certainly merit the distinction.

Miss Peary's horoscope, cast in 1894, was published in the HERALD on September 30, of that year. The astrologer asserted that the horoscope showed that the infant was born when Mars and Jupiter were in the ascendant, had a "promise of excellent intellectual endowment, would be ambitious to learn and would be remarkably intuitive, with more than usually bright understanding and capacity for mental cultivation." The first fruits of this prediction seem to be showing themselves.



PHOTOS BY ROCKWOOD

they will make a specialty of you if they happen to like you, whether you take the best picture or not. No man can succeed with children unless the children like him and feel friendly toward him. The minute a baby is brought into a studio to be photographed the novelty of the experience renders him shy and ill at ease. His disposition is not going to show to advantage if he is handed over to a perfect stranger who may lack that something which the child knows by instinct is genuine friendliness and sympathy. You have to have these attributes if you are going to be made a specialist of by children. The moment the child feels the atmosphere of friendliness he is easy to manage.

MEN and women wear a mask in a photograph studio. It is the photographer's business to get them to remove it unconsciously before he presses the button. They will assume any of a dozen expressions but their own true one, whereas the child is perfectly natural, and so far as he is concerned, would just as soon have his face screwed up into an unattractive grimace or buried under two chubby dimpled arms. There is no posing about these infants. That gift of doubtful charm comes to them soon enough. When they are in front of the camera they are just their own pure, sweet and natural selves, and any one ought to be able to make good pictures of them then. But that is the secret of being successful with children—getting them to be perfectly natural and unconscious of their strange surroundings and interested in some of the playthings that are a part of every child photographer's studio equipment, just as curls, paper flowers and draperies are kept on hand for women to beautify themselves with.

"The most successful pictures of children are accidental ones. That is, they are accidental in this way:—We lay plans for snapping the baby in certain positions, and it rests with the tiny creature, not with the photographer, to bring the plans to successful fruition. The baby may be as impish as a little rogue or as dignified and unyielding as a mighty potentate, and no amount of sweet persuasion or coaxing will make him otherwise. The baby follows his own sweet will, and he will be to perfectly natural. Women may be vain and men self-conscious when being photographed, but these masks are as nothing to deal with when compared to the supreme indifference exhibited by the babe in arms, who shifts his own

and improved, so have the babies, asserts this connoisseur in infants. "The American baby is the handsomest in the world," he declared. "He possesses animation, beauty of form and feature and intelligence, a combination of qualities you do not find so well marked and well developed in the children of other nations. And the American baby has made such tremendous strides on the road to improvement that if I had another forty years in which to study them 'under the light' I am sure in that time I should find they had reached perfection. There is a sound reason for this great improvement. You see I have known babies since before the war, and in that time parents have acquired wisdom in the matter of rearing children. They have learned the laws of hygiene, and they are following these laws with the utmost care and attention. The result is that the babe has every chance to thrive and grow strong in mind and body; instead of being pampered and coddled he is given every chance to expand. I am proud of our American babies, and no one has watched their development with greater pleasure."

Instead of having the baby brought to the studio to have his picture taken, where he is seen in the most strange surroundings, a more successful and popular way now is to have the camera brought to the baby. Artist, assistant and camera are conveyed to the baby's house at an appointed time, and even with the light that filters through ordinary windows the clever photographer is able to snap wonderfully interesting and excellent likenesses. He can picture the youngster in his crib, playing on the floor, where he feels perfectly at home and looks it in the photograph. He can catch Miss Blue Ribbon in her most charming pose, the one that mother is fondest of, or he can transfer to the negative a representation of Master Pink Toes which belongs to him in his own little downy nest. There is nothing stiff and studio posed in these pictures. They are quaint, original and characteristic and are something more than mere baby likenesses, for they are pictures. They attract the eye of the stranger on account of their beauty and artistic value and lose nothing in their portraiture.

MR. ROCKWOOD is one of the staunchest upholders of this kind of baby photography. The idea may not have originated with him, yet he was among the first to adopt the plan which has been handed down from father to son and grows more popular with parents day by day.

"In this way we are able to make perfect child studies," said the dean of child photographers, "and our pictures are something that the baby grown to maturity will be proud of instead of wishing to destroy or hide forever from view. Pictures are simpler that they used to be, too. Mothers of to-day do not insist on dressing their offspring up in the fussiest frocks and gowns they own, but they let us photograph them in the way we like—a concession which is not always appreciated by them until the proofs are delivered. Why, some of our most charming baby pictures are made of youngsters wearing rompers or overalls. They seem to take on a pose and expression that suit the costume as satisfactorily as they do the proud parents. Give the baby his playthings, his building blocks, his train of cars, an ordinary frock, dolls or ten things and then let the photographer do the rest. Even if he has not had forty years' experience he ought to get a little gem. If he fails then he is not the photographer babies are going to make their specialist, and he had better try some other line and leave the immortalizing of infants to other photographers."

EASTER FLOWERS IN ALGIERS



FROM A PAINTING
BY F. A. BRIDGMAN